

SCHOOLGIRLS CONTEST FOR HONORS AT HOCKEY

A shrill blast from a silver whistle and "Bully off!" is the word. Then down the windswept field twenty-two feminine athletes in blue and white uniforms and middy blouses are in place on Central Park's hockey field. The girls of New York schoolgirls are in the thick of the game and sorority feuds are laid aside for the fall days.

"Bully off!" once more cries the whistle, and instantly twenty girls are in the thick of the game, while their captain, a girl named for the start. From the excitement the thrill spreads itself to the spectators who crowd the side lines and for a moment every one holds his breath, the only sound heard being the creak of the hockey sticks as they battle for position.

In the typical hockey "fans" the scene is exciting to the last degree, even the middle enthusiasts find inspiration in the sight. For there is the splendid stretch of greenward that caps the plateau at Eighth avenue and 106th street, with the squads of young women in their picturesque attire in the foreground, while in the near distance rise the massive walls of St. John's Cathedral. A little further the towers of the College of the City of New York stand out against the sky.

Each at her post on the field stand the players. Close to the centre line the forwards are bunched awaiting their chance to steal the ball. To right and left the inside players are stationed, the centre forward in the middle. At the 5 yard line the wings stand expectantly. Back of the forwards come the halfbacks, as in football, while between the goal posts the goal keepers eagerly await developments.

"Acht!" comes from the lips of the spectators, with shouts from the players, as the ball jumps from the centre line, straight as a die, in the direction of the upfield goal. Before any one can say Jack Robinson the sphere is caught by a clever inside right, who proceeds to dribble it downfield almost into the enemy's camp. But victory isn't as close as it seems, for suddenly offside play is called, which in plain English means a foul and another start is made.

Once more "Bully off!" is the word, and this time the ball, after a brief battle, does gain entrance into the charmed circle and would have sped between the goal posts had it not been stopped by the "boot" of the enemy. She concentrates her energies on the attack, but misses fire. In a trice the five forwards bunch together to shoot a goal.

"Get it in, now; get it in!" their supporters cry excitedly. A moment more and the ball bounds triumphantly past the goal keeper, beyond the posts, and another point is scored.

"One more goal, girls, and then we stop," sings out Miss Vera Schmauss, hockey coach for the Wadleigh High



Erasmus High School Girls Playing Hockey

School girls, as she leads her charges back to the fray.

"Oh, dear!" rises in mournful cadence over the field, for the girls would rather play hockey than eat; but youth doesn't mope long, and in a trice the players are up and at it again. A lucky play and the game is over for the day. Then breathless but beaming the twenty-two girls make a rush for their skirts and outer wear. They chatter like magpies, but technique is the topic and there is never a jealous word or a frown. It is this team spirit which is engendered that gives to hockey its sporting value in the eyes of athletic experts and educators.

This is but one little picture of what is going on daily in Central Park, in Prospect

Park, Brooklyn, and in Crotona Park. Just now the contests are the elimination games preparatory to the finals, the big championship matches to be played at Thanksgiving time, when the girls' "letters" and class fights class or supremacy.

To "win their letters" means for the individual girl to gain the right to wear on her sweater or middy blouse initials such as her college brother sports as a result of athletic honors.

"It's a great game!" is invariably the expression that falls from the lips of hockey enthusiasts when they talk about



Miss Elizabeth Burchenal
PHYSICAL DIRECTOR OF THE GIRLS' V. PUBLIC SCHOOL ATHLETIC LEAGUE

Truly to appreciate the fullness of its meaning you ought to hear a hockey "fan" say it. But the game grips you whether you are a fanatic or not. If you accept an invitation from your hockey mad friend to "come up to the park and see my girls play" you might just as well succumb gracefully at the outset, for it will get you in the end. Before you know it you find yourself cheering with the rest.

There are 3,000 hockey players in the Girls Public School Athletic League. The latter is, by the way, the largest organization of the sort in the world, number-

ing right here in New York, where it had its birth, more than 26,000 girls.

It is like the story of "The House That Jack Built," the tale of how field hockey for girls originated in this country. While it was due to Miss Elizabeth Burchenal, physical director of the league, that the game was introduced in New York, it was primarily owing to the contagious enthusiasm of Miss Kate E. Turner, assistant principal of Erasmus Hall High School, caught on a tour of inspection of English schools, that the seed was planted. But if it hadn't been for the efforts of Miss Constance Appleby, the English hockey expert, who brought the game to the students of Radcliffe at the instance of Dr. Sargent, Harvard's physical director, and who came here to in-

struct a squad of coaches, the game probably would not have had so favorable a start here. As it was, all things working for good, the game of field hockey came and quickly conquered.

Since Miss Appleby's arrival in this country she has introduced the game at Radcliffe, Smith, Wellesley, Vassar and Bryn Mawr, as well as to normal and private schools. She is now director of athletics at Bryn Mawr and hockey plays an important part in her department.

None of the New York coaches is more enthusiastic over the game than Mrs. Katherine Campbell Edgell, physical director at Erasmus Hall.

"There is really nothing to compare with it," she contends, "and that for many reasons. It is really the one big open air game we have, the only one in which any number can play at the same time. Not more than four at most can take part in tennis, and the same criticism may be directed against most girls' games. But in hockey, in which twenty girls play at a time and in which the game, an hour and ten minutes long, is played in thirty-five minute halves, nearly fifty girls can take part. You see that is a great point in a large class.

"Then another of the very valuable features of the game is the opportunity it offers for girls of various grades of physical strength. The fact that it is played in the open is of vital importance, of course. There are positions where strength more than speed is required and there are others where quickness and agility count rather than strength. For a girl who is not over strong there is the position of goal keeper, which requires good fighting ability but comparatively little action."

Miss Turner has the support of W. B. Gunnison, principal of Erasmus Hall, in popularizing field hockey among the Brooklyn girls as well as that of Michael J. Kennedy, Park Commissioner of Brooklyn borough, who has given the beautiful field at Prospect Park West and Ninth street for the use of the girl tennis players. The field is now taxed to the utmost, for it is used by 200 hockey players from Erasmus Hall as well as a large number from the Girls High School under the direction of Miss Adair.

"It's not a game you can play on the front lawn," explains Miss Turner. "The field must be 300 by 350 feet and in addition we need a building of some sort where the girls can leave their skirts and hats and coats."

"In hockey," says Miss Burchenal, "you must play fair. There is no place in it for the selfish girl. She is only one of many."

"It looks as though the English game would soon come to be the great American game for girls, as football is for the boys, and that in the not far distant future an all American team will stand ready to play against the all England, the Welsh or the Irish women's hockey teams."

SCHOOLMATE TELLS OF BOATING AND BICYCLING WITH HELEN KELLER

THE recent action of the Mayor of Schenectady in offering Miss Helen Keller a place upon the Board of Public Welfare of that city has again called attention to one whom Mark Twain described as the most remarkable person of the last century.

During this time we became fast friends and I had every opportunity to study her carefully. But though I saw and conversed with her daily I was continually astonished by some new phase of her wonderful mind and her remarkable nature. How she came to be so fully informed

All the steering was done from the rear, where I sat, and we arranged a little system of signals in the form of sundry

taps which I was to make on her shoulder: one to stop, two to slow up and three to go ahead. I cannot recall that we ever had a

serious accident of any kind, although ten and fifteen mile trips were of almost daily occurrence throughout the summer.

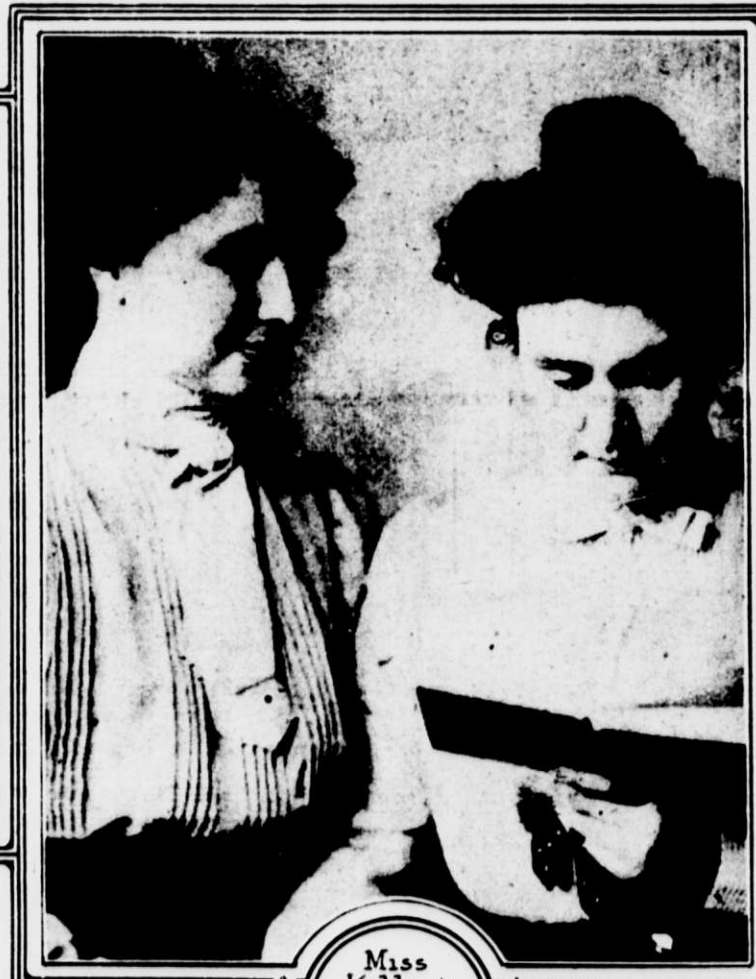
Now and then when we came to a particularly rough bit of road, where it became necessary to slow up to such an extent that the wheel would fall over simply from lack of momentum, Miss Keller would pick herself up out of the dust laughing, and declare that it was great

very naughty if I had not discharged them. Besides," she added, her face taking on a roguish look, "isn't this the place where the young idea is taught how to shoot?"

Another time when we were seated at the evening meal the lamp on the table



Miss Keller on Her Tandem Wheel



Miss Keller's Teacher Reading to Her



Miss Keller Rowing

The object of the Board of Public Welfare is to provide machinery for carrying out the larger problems of a modern city. Miss Keller could not of course do any active field work along social lines, but she is known to be a woman of ideas and of advanced thoughts upon socialistic problems. An ardent Socialist, she has radical views upon the present situation of the lower classes. She thinks that poverty is the greatest curse of mankind and to eliminate this evil should be the great work and aim of the present generation. She has little patience with ordinary relief measures and plans for temporary alleviation of existing conditions. She wants to remove causes and get down to the roots of the evils of modern life.

Miss Keller thinks that poverty is the cause of all social degeneration and scolds the old fashioned theory that vice drives people to poverty. Her ideas for the relief of poverty are socialistic. She would have every man get off the other man's back and allow all men to labor for the fruits of their own efforts. No money belongs to the individual except that which he himself earns, she says. Poverty is not a crime, but it comes from misused capital or unearned increments and give the workmen a chance to get a share of the results of their labor. She is convinced that the world is getting better, but also insists that Socialism is the only hope as a force to improve conditions at the present time.

A great deal has been printed about Miss Keller, her liking for outdoor sports and indoor amusements and her proficiency in them despite her deprivation of sight and hearing is one side of her remarkable life of which little is known. It was the privilege of the writer to be associated with Miss Keller in a school for several years and later to spend a summer at her home in Wrentham, Mass.

about many of the things of which we would speak was always a puzzle to me. Sometimes I fancied that she absorbed knowledge from people about her through some intangible psychic process and without the need of visible means of communication.

She has always tried to be "like other people," and so her habit of speaking of things as they appear to those who see and hear has become second nature to her. Indeed her whole life since her education was begun has been a series of attempts to do whatever other people could do. This unconquerable desire has manifested itself not only in her mental achievements but in her physical accomplishments as well.

There is hardly any form of outdoor sport, except where sight is an absolute requisite, as in tennis or golf, in which Miss Keller has not taken an interest and made some progress. One summer a friend presented her with a fine tandem bicycle. At first this appeared to the family about as useless a gift under the circumstances as one could well imagine, but with Miss Keller it was different. There was no reason why she should not learn to ride the machine, she argued, and immediately made an appeal for volunteers to help her man it.

Being rather at home on the wheel myself, I thought she could fare no worse under my tutelage than that of any one else, and after a little persuasion Miss Sullivan, her teacher, agreed to let us try it together.

I had my misgivings when we took our seats, the machine being supported for us, but when we had been given a start in the shape of a generous shove from half a dozen hands I found no special effort necessary to keep the machine erect and moving. After a few lessons my companion acquired the knack of balancing herself correctly, and thereafter every thing was easy.



Miss Keller and Prof. Alexander Graham Bell

fun to be spilled once in a while. When on a long, level stretch of road we would make frequent sprints and the more rapid the pace the better she was pleased. The swift rush through the air, with the wind blowing in her face, seemed to afford her more intense enjoyment than any other form of exercise, though her other outdoor diversions were numerous.

One day we were out with a party of other cyclists, whom we soon outdistanced. This seemed to Miss Keller a fine opportunity to play a joke.

"Let's pretend we've had a spill," she said. "We'll muss up the road a bit, put the machine against that stump over there—the stump I never learned—and then lie down, as if we had been bowled over." The stage setting for the affair was perfect as she designed it.

When the rest of the party arrived a little later and, jumping from their wheels, ran to the assistance of the supposed victims, Miss Keller sprang to her feet, with shouts of laughter, and fairly danced about in her delight at the success of her scheme.

Her sense of humor was remarkably keen. In fact, it was this characteristic, a trait which one would hardly expect to find in a person situated as she is, which struck me most forcibly in the beginning of our acquaintance.

She was quick to perceive the point of the most subtle joke, and would even display rare patience in trying to discover the meaning of a dull one, while her skill in the use of words made her ready with repartee.

Upon one occasion I asked her if she had finished her work for the day.

"Yes," she said, "I have discharged all my duties."

"Were they so bad," I asked, "that you had to discharge them?"

"Well," she replied, "it would have been

began to flicker spasmodically. Immediately in some inexplicable manner Miss Keller's attention was attracted.

"What's the matter with the lamp?" she asked. "Has it got the hiccoughs?"

Her sympathy, which is of the quick and ministering sort, is easily awakened by the knowledge of suffering or oppression, and in the case of dumb creatures sometimes becomes pathetic.

When it was her pleasure simply to row about at random she guided the boat, or rather kept it from running aground, by the scent of water grasses and lilies and the bushes on the shore, for her sense of smell, like her other senses, is extraordinarily acute.

In writing to a friend on this subject she said:

"I enjoy canoeing even more than rowing, and I suppose you will laugh when I say that I especially like it on moonlight nights. I cannot, it is true, see the moon climb up the sky behind the pines and steal softly across the heavens, making a shining path for us to follow, but I know she is there, and as I lie back among the pillows and put my hand in the water I fancy that I feel the shimmer of her garments as she passes."

"Sometimes a daring little fish slips between my fingers, and often a pond lily presses shyly against my hand."

Frequently as we emerge from the shelter of a cove or inlet I am suddenly conscious of the spaciousness of the air about me. A luminous warmth seems to enfold me. Whether it comes from the trees, which have been heated by the sun, or from the water I can never discover."

It is now eight years since Miss Keller took her bachelor's degree at Radcliffe College, being undoubtedly the most remarkable girl graduate of that or any similar institution of learning in this country.

Born in Tuscumbia, Ala., thirty-two years ago, she had perfectly developed faculties until when about three years old an illness deprived her of sight, speech and hearing.